Paris Johnson

THEA 2110

Dr. Richmond

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***Queen’s Garden* Preface Rewrite**

I grew up- well, a little bit of everywhere. But if you ask me where home is, it would be the front of my great-grandmother’s yard. I can see it clearly, even now.

“Parrrrriii! Move out the way so we can go!” my cousin hollers at me for the fourth time so him and my other cousins can race across the yard.

I finally get up, knowing if I don’t, I’ll end up with an ice cube down my shirt or gum in my hair, the price to pay for getting in the way of my older cousins. I don’t mind though. Grabbing my bubbles and coloring book, I run up the steps into the house.

As I push open the screen door, I feel the *whoosh* of the AC across my face, cooling me from the hot, humid South Carolina summer air. I kick my shoes off as I walk in; Granny hates it when we track dirt on her carpet. As I run through the living room, I pass my Uncle Harold, sitting in his recliner like he always is.

“Stop that runnin’ in this house girl!” he calls out as I pass him, and I slow my feet to a jog.

“Granny!” I call out.

“In here, baby” she calls back to me. I walk into the kitchen to see her at the stove, making us all lunch. My baby brother is in a high chair, chewing his hand and banging a spoon to the beat of a song only he can hear.

“Hi, granny,” I say to her. She turns around and looks down at me. My great-grandmother was a tall, round woman with deep chocolate brown skin and long fingers that could stroke away all your troubles with a pat on the head.

“What you doing back in the house? I told Uncle Harold to come get y’all when the food is fixed,” she says.

“Can I stay in here with you, Granny, please? AJ won’t let me play with them,” I tell her, making my best puppy-dog face. I never had to try too hard with her, though. Being the only girl out of all 10 of her great-grandchildren, my Granny had a special place in her heart for me. She just smiles at me, scoops me up and sets me on the stool next to her while she finishes cooking.

I sit in the kitchen and watch her cook, listening to her sing with a voice so pretty that it could even make my grumpy old Uncle Harold smile. She lets me and my little brother taste the cake she’s making before anyone else does, and even as a 7-year-old, I know that no matter how far away I went in life, if I could pick one place to call home forever, it’d right there on that stool in Granny’s kitchen.